

THE

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SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE CITY.

BY A CITY CLERGYMAN.

A FEW weeks since, in the city of Washington, a young lady of family, fortune and beauty was walking in the streets, and she met a little girl trying in vain to get home with two baskets of fuel which she had picked up. They were too much for the poor thing to carry; she had yielded to despair and was weeping bitterly, when the young lady in silks came by, and seeing her distress and the cause of it, at once offered to take the baskets and help her on with her heavy load. The little girl was all unused to such kindness, and with delicacy quite unlooked for in such a garb, declined to put the lady to so much trouble. "Then I will stay here," said the lady, "and watch one basket while you carry the other home." To this arrangement the confiding child consented, and there the elegant and fashionable heiress stood in her beauty, and kept guard over the basket of chips, while the little girl ran home and returned.

I tell this story as more truly characteristic of a generous and benevolent heart, more worthy of record and eulogy than the deeds of many *philanthropists* of the world, whose fame is world-wide, whose praise is trumpeted in the newspapers while they live, and graven in marble when they die. There is a large

infusion of charity to be seen of men in the benevolence of the age. We know an elderly lady whose name is on the published list of many of the societies of the city for the relief of this, that, and the other class of suffering humanity, but the "poor girls" who wait on her ladyship, and the poor trades-people that come to her for their honest dues, and the poor relations that would be glad to have some of her superfluous dresses and ornaments, never remember her in their thanksgivings. They have no reason *then* to bear her in mind. All the good she does is in the organic way. She is a lady-patroness of several popular associations, but she would as soon think of going on a mission to Kamtsatka as to enter a cellar to carry a cold dinner to a starving family, or to stand in the street and watch a basket while the ragged owner was running home with another. Yet she thinks she is a notably benevolent woman, and the world thinks so too, and when she dies, there will be an obituary eulogy of her in the *Observer*, half a column long.

Not a word of censure does all this imply upon those who do good in this way. This age of ours is distinguished for its systems of doing good, and beyond all doubt, the charity

of the kind-hearted is thus carried to many a habitation of woe that otherwise would never be reached. The wisdom, as well as the love of the compassionate, has been employed to devise ways and means to search and discover poverty and distress in all its secret lurking-places, and to relieve it there. It is a blessed thing to find a child of sorrow in retirement, shrinking away from the stare of the unfeeling world, and to pour oil and wine into the wounds of that sore heart, and thus make gladness to flourish where just now was grief only, with no hope for brighter days to come.

Perhaps it is a *morbid* sympathy, if such a passion may become diseased, that leads me to look into the condition of the various classes of my fellow-men, to learn what they want, or rather what they *need*, and to take a common interest in every wise and practicable scheme for the benefit of the human race. It is a wicked world we live in, and wherever sin reigns, misery lives; and he is a benefactor who pours one drop of comfort on an aching heart, or plants one motive to do better in an erring mortal. Just drop your business for a moment, or wait till after dinner, if you dine as early as four o'clock—it will be rather late to start at five, but it will answer then,—and let us take a walk into the city, and see how the world lives. This is Chambers street. You see its houses are substantial, and every one of them, almost, is plainly such a house as good families down town live in. But from this street you can throw a stone to the vilest part of the great city of New York; to the region where the most squalid vice and the most abject poverty and wretchedness unite to hold their orgies, fearful and awful orgies too, such as heathen might shudder at, and which the Christians of this city regard either as unworthy of an attempt to abolish, or as beyond the reach of remedy. Nothing ever moves me more than this almost union of extremes in the city: I have seen a poor blind beggar leaning against the wall of the house where gorgeous magnificence was displaying itself in a luxurious banquet, the wine of which would cost more money than it would take to make that beggar comfortable for a life-time. One of the best men the world ever knew was troubled at the diversities in the condition of men, when he saw the wicked rolling in wealth, and faring sumptuously every day, while the virtuous were starving. It took the philosophy of the sanctuary to set his mind at ease about it, and the

parable of Dives and Lazarus, which the Great Teacher gave us, scatters the last doubt as to the final issue of the matter. The next world will make up for all defects in this: and if we are disturbed when we see the beggar leaning against the palace of the proud sinner, let us wait till the books are opened for the eternal settlement of accounts. If that beggar have the heart of Lazarus, touched with the love of Him, who, when here, was a homeless wanderer “o’er the world’s wide waste,” when he comes to the house not made with hands, he shall rejoice in the arms of angels and sleep in the bosom of Abraham. Through gates of pearl, he shall enter and walk the golden streets, and reign as a king and priest before God for ever. This may be the beggar’s portion, in that better land to which we are hastening.

Cheer up, then, lone child of poverty! Thou hast few friends in this cold world of ours. The *society* for the relief of such as thou art may have never found thee yet, and we have all learned that it is unsafe to give to street-beggars, so that thou mayst never have another dinner while thou livest. And when thou diest in the street or in the park, where thou seekest a night’s lodging with Jacob’s pillow under thy uncovered head, the city will bury thee in Potter’s Field, and perhaps the doctors will have thy body for their knives, and thy bones for a skeleton, but *then* the angels will be thy companions and heaven thy home; *if*, and a great *if* it is, thou hast an interest in Him who had not where to lay his head. Poor beggar now; rich beggar, blessed beggar, then!

But I believe I began this sketch with the intention of speaking of various plans on foot in this city to relieve the sufferings of the multitude; such an attempt will be true to my original purpose, which is to show the way in which people live, and move, and have their being here, in this world in miniature. Last winter some one undertook to make an investigation into the number of persons in the city of New York who live on charity, or are so near to want that they receive aid from the hand of the public every year. The man who thus attempted to take the gauge of human misery, obtained returns from twenty or thirty different societies and institutions, some of them voluntary and others municipal, some private and others public, some religious and others not so religious, and the result was such as astonished every one. The correct-

ness of the report was called in question, and the examination was made again. After all allowances were made for mistakes and repetitions of the same name, where the applicant had been aided by two or three societies, it was still impossible to resist the conclusion that as many as one person in every *seven* in the city, is thus assisted by the hand of charity every year! There is no room for a doubt on the subject. I have looked over the tables, incredulous too at first, but had to give in, and admit the facts, though it gave me the heart-ache. But we will not rest under the painful impression that all these thousands are actually dependent for their bread upon the bounty of the benevolent. Far, very far from it. This would be reducing us to a point in the scale of public prosperity far below the cities of Europe. But the truth is simply this, that in the city of New York there are multitudes who earn by their daily labor just enough to maintain themselves and those dependent on them; and if sickness lays his hand on the head of a family, or one of the members, the income ceases altogether, or is inadequate to the increased expense, and aid must be obtained from abroad, or there is instant suffering for want of it. Hence the "Dispensaries" to furnish medical advice, and medicines also to those who are too poor to pay for them. Drop in, almost every day, at one of them as you are passing, and if you are given to seeking entertainment from *realities*, make a pilgrimage to one of these Dispensaries, as you would to the pool of Bethesda, and there you will see in long rows upon benches, men and women, hundreds of them crowded side by side, waiting, as did they of old, not for the moving of the waters, but for their turn to receive attention. As rapidly as their cases can be looked into, they receive their written prescriptions and the order that provides the needed medicine, with which they hasten home, to swallow it themselves or administer it perhaps to a sick child. Yet even this sight is not half so affecting as a visit will be to the Alms House department in the building in the rear of the City Hall. Go there of a cold morning and you will see decrepid old women, forlorn young women with infants in their arms, decayed old men, and men with part of a leg off, halt and maimed, some with a basket to get a small allowance with which to eke out the day. This is the most *real* poverty of anything in the midst of us. In the Commissioner's room you will find a com-

mittee of grave men who hear the tale of woe from each new-comer; and when the truth of the story has been established by as minute inquiry as is necessary or possible in the case, a written order is given by which the poor wretch is entitled to so many potatoes or so much meat every day, and with this order he or she departs rejoicing. Oh! it must be hard to be poor! God be thanked for the little that keeps us above such want as this! And then I have extended my walks of observation, not to speak of them as having any higher end, still farther, and have explored the hospital on Broadway, and the Alms House in the upper part of the city, where the poor are provided with a home, such as it is: where the Corporation, in times now gone, were wont on certain occasions to have for themselves provided a sumptuous feast, as if in mocking contrast with the fate and the fare of the permanent boarders of that great establishment. It does one good to go there, or to such places; to see the last estate of the poor; the refuge which poverty finds when the last resource of independent living has been exhausted; and he must have a very hard heart indeed, who will not *feel* grateful that his lot has been so ordered that as yet he is not an inmate of a poor-house. Here are some who have seen better days: who have lived richly in the city: one or two had kept their carriages, and been envied as they shone in Broadway; but *fortune*, as the heathen of this generation call *Providence*, disappointed their hopes; their wealth melted like snow in summer; their carriages, and houses, and gold, all disappeared; and through one degree of want to another they sank, till they were housed here at last. And here we may be! I never visited even a mad-house, without thinking that that might be my home before I went to my last resting-place. It is well to bear this in mind, and be ready for the worst. There is, however, one fact that is a *consolation* to a man who tries to do the right thing in this changing world. It is, that the wilful vices of the inhabitants of these refuges of the poor have reduced them to this condition. Search and see. Pause at the bed-side of that dying old man, and if honest now, he will tell you of sin that paved his walk to this end of the town. Drink, strong drink, has floated thousands into this snug harbor, for so it may well be called by those who come from the storm-tossed gulf of a drunkard's home. And those whom vice has brought here, now find that the way

of transgressors is hard, yet would they go the same gait, and reap the same harvest of bitter fruit, if they had life to live over again. It is not penance that makes the heart better; and as braying in a mortar will not beat folly out of a fool, or beat sense into his head, so true is it that the sufferings which vice brings with it, do not make the sufferers sick of sin. They seem to love it and hug it when the iron enters their souls. Forgetting this principle, not a few modern social reformers have set on foot schemes to convert criminals into decent men and women, while they have overlooked the inborn and inbred love of sin which must be eradicated by heavenly grace, before he who has been accustomed to do evil will learn to do well.

But I am in an episode, and will come back to the thread if I can find it. On your way down from the Alms House, call, in Twenty-first street, at the Asylum for Aged and Respectable Indigent Females. The matron will give you a welcome, and the visit will richly reward you. This is one of the pleasantest charities in the wide world. It takes old LADIES, so called in distinction from those whom we have just seen, because they have all of them been in different walks of life; in those walks to which the epithet *respectable* is familiarly applied, though I never could understand the *reason why* a poor honest man, who had travelled one road to the grave, was not just as respectable as another. But then the ways of the world are not always to be understood by everybody. There are classes in society that are called respectable, and it would be hard to find their right to it; while others are voted as *low*, notwithstanding claims to the respect of men, which cannot be disputed. I do not know by what code the managers of this charity decide the question of respectability, but I believe they make real worth the test, and that is the true one. The old woman who wants their aid may have been the wife of a cobbler or a senator, it matters not; if she have a good moral character, and such manners as will not make her company an annoyance to the rest, I suppose she will be reckoned a fair subject for the exercise of hospitality. There are various and very wise precautions taken to guard this charity against abuse, as it is easy to see that the introduction of one troublesome woman might make the house anything but pleasant to all the rest. To prevent such a misfortune as this, the benevolent women who direct the institution receive ap-

plications in writing from the friends of those who wish to get an individual into the Asylum, and then the case is examined into by a visiting committee, until they are satisfied she is a fair subject for their consideration. She then pays into the treasury, or her friends pay for her, the sum of fifty dollars, as an initiation fee; which is not only something to aid the funds of the institution, but is also a sort of endorsement that the subject has *respectable* connexions. So the Asylum is not open for paupers, but for those who, having known something of the comforts of life, would find a refuge to which they may flee in their old age. Its doors are not open to any that are under sixty years of age, and this provision is wise, as will be apparent on a moment's reflection. Then the applicant signs a release in favor of the institution of all the property she may have, which must be very little, and of all the property into the possession of which she may come hereafter: this is all right, as the Asylum agrees to take care of her for the remainder of her natural life, and whatever property she may bring or bequeath will aid in giving the same boon to others equally needy. These various and very reasonable preliminaries having been complied with, the doors of the Asylum are thrown open for the reception of the old lady, and she enters to begin a new life, or rather, to spin out the latter end of one now nearly gone.

A singular community of old crones as you will find anywhere in the world, is this gathering of infirm, aged, and respectable females. I always had a reverence for old women. There is something about them that moves my heart more deeply and tenderly than the sight of an old man; and I was never, even when a boy, willing to laugh with others at the bent back or hooked nose that poverty and old age so often furnish to an old woman. I would rather minister to their relief, and waken a smile on their wrinkled brows. To one who could find any pleasure in the company of the "old and childish," it will be an occasion of rare interest to enter their rooms and converse with them of the ways by which they have been led. They are fond of talking—old folks usually are; and if you will sit down sociably with them, and ask them of former days, and old friends, they will tell you tales to which you will listen with deep and fixed attention. One of their greatest *amusements* now, is to visit one another and talk about old times. The most infirm are in rooms on the lower

floors, and the more active and able take the upper chambers, but the most of them are strong enough to get about from room to room, and even up and down stairs, to make visits, or to go to the dining hall. Some of them also visit their friends in the city, returning at a time that is agreed upon before they go, that there may be no ground for anxiety in consequence of their absence. Perhaps you could find in no other place such a variety of character and temper, as in this little household. One has been the subject of trials, disappointments, and reverses, which, instead of being sanctified to her spiritual improvement, have soured all the springs of affection in her soul, and she now is so peevish and fretful, so discontented and suspicious, that nothing pleases her: she finds fault with her nurse and her food, her neighbors and herself, wishes she was dead sometimes, and is dreadfully afraid when she is a little sick lest death is indeed at hand. Another has seen prosperity, and has been so much accustomed to being waited upon that she has no thought of being able to do anything for herself: she wants somebody to be running for her all the time, and she thinks it very hard that she has to take things as they come, as the rest do. A third has found that her afflictions, poverty, sickness, and loss of friends, have been the means of weaning her affections from things below, and her treasure is now in heaven; she has sweetly yielded her will to her heavenly Father's, and is quietly waiting till her change comes, that she may be admitted into the rest that remains for the people of God. She loves not the world, but she is willing to wait all the days of her appointed time, and is only happier as the bright vision of the future opens on her dim eyes. The last time I was there, I sat down in her room in a low rocking-chair, with a listed seat, and taking her large-printed Testament in my hand, I opened to the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John, and read, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you." I said to her, after reading a few of the introductory verses—

"Do you look forward to those mansions as soon to be yours?"

"Yes. I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies. It is now my consolation to look up to my Father's house in Heaven; and I am very near my journey's end. I shall soon be home."

"Home is a sweet word," I said to her; "have you never found it so?"

"When I was young," she said, "I had a home, as bright a one as the sun ever shone upon: parents and sisters and an only brother: we had everything that heart could ask, and a thought of sorrow never crossed our minds. But what a changing world this is! Our property was swept away from us by the failure of some for whom my father was security, and we were torn asunder to get our living the best way we could. The rest of the family are dead. I have struggled along one way and another, and at last have found a shelter for my old bones here. God has been good to me always."

"When did you begin to love God and serve him?"

"I was but a child when my mother taught me the way to Heaven, and I have always found it good to put my trust in the Lord. He has said that when my father and mother forsake me, He will take me up; and when I lost the parents that would have taken care of me if they had been able, the Lord raised up other friends, and they have been kind far beyond my deserts. See what a nice place they have provided for me now that I am old and helpless. Here I am fed and clothed, nursed when I am sick, waited on as if I were a lady-born, and I have good company all the time, so that I don't think I could be any better off anywhere. We ought to be very thankful for what the good Lord does for us in our old age."

I prayed with her, and the joy which she expressed as I took leave of her was enough, and more than enough, to repay me for my visit. Again and again she thanked me, and pressed my hand within her bony fingers, and asked me to come once more, and see her. I intend to. It does one good to visit such a house; to mingle with those on whom the hand of the Lord has pressed heavily, and to see the varied influences which affliction brings to bear on the human heart. Some hearts it softens; and the oil of Divine grace is poured in so gently and healingly, that the sufferer feels that it is good to be afflicted. There is not a more beautiful sight out of Heaven than a bruised spirit confidently resting on Him who wounds that he may heal. The Christian graces thrive in such a soil, and bear ripe fruit for the praise of Him whose work it is to renew and save. I have known a woman who has been confined to her bed forty-three years—nearly the whole of her life—and she lies

there still, and will probably never leave it till they lay her in the narrow bed where all the living are yet to lie. But she never murmurs. Nay, the very balm of peace appears to fill her heart, and as she looks out of her little window by the sea-side, and beholds the beauty of the world from which she is shut out, she rejoices in it with as free a spirit as if she could leap in the sunshine, and roam the fields as she did when a child.

When trials thus press us sore, and long years of suffering follow years, we learn a lesson of the value of Divine grace to sustain the soul. Just now they carried by my window the body, or what was left of the body of a woman who has been slowly eaten up with a cancer in her side. I had never seen her, but have often heard of her sufferings: for months she has been in anguish that no opiates could allay; often gnashing her teeth with pain and groaning in the extremity of her distress, so as to melt into pity a heart of stone. But the precious love of Christ was her comfort through solitary and seemingly interminable nights of pain, when unable to lie down, and of course unable to sleep, she sat alone, while the insatiable disease, like the fabled vulture, gnawed at her vitals. Her friends often said she could not live another day in so much intensity of devouring pain, but she did live, and in the bitterest hours of her anguish a smile would light up her wan cheek, when the love of Christ was the theme of remark.

"Did Jesus thus suffer and shall I repine?"

she would say when sharp pain pierced like a knife between her bones. And when death came, she met it not as a relief from present suffering, for she was willing to suffer all the will of her heavenly Father, but as the gate through which she should enter the city and be for ever with the Lord! *No more pain!* What a land must that be where is no more sorrow or suffering, where the hand of love, infinite love, wipes away all tears, and "the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

One of the most natural things about this establishment, the Old Ladies' Asylum, is the anxiety which many feel to be buried in style! At first, we would suppose that they who had felt poverty for long years, and had often been troubled to find the wherewithal *to live*, would care very little about the manner of their burial, yet what passion is more natural, and we might say universal among intelligent peo-

ple. It is not a vain desire, but vanity may be readily excited with it, and so it surely is with these ladies, who sometimes manage to retain a little sum of money which they entrust to a friend to keep closely, to be expended in the purchase of a silver plate for their coffins! And it is so expended. The name of the old lady is engraved upon the silver plate, the coffin is brought into the chapel, and there the funeral service is held before the withered remains are committed to their kindred dust. This chapel is the scene of many interesting services. Every Sabbath day, and often in the week, as many of the old ladies as can leave their rooms assemble here, and listen to the word of God. It was here, in this room, that the sainted Milnor preached his last sermon before he rested from his work, and it was a fitting close to his public labors. He was a good man, and it is pleasant to pause and strew a flower or two upon his tomb.

As this sketch is very desultory, I will finish it with a passage from real life in the city that has frequent parallels, though not often is one of such decided interest made a matter of record.

"Take that, and that!" said a drunken father, as he kicked a little boy about the room, when he reeled in at the close of one of last winter's days. It was a drunkard's home! The only alleviation—no, that is not the word—the only circumstance that made it supportable was that the children had never known any better days than those of misery, hunger and cold. The father was a drunkard: the mother was a drunkard, the worst of the two, if worst there could be when both were at the very foot of the ladder, common drunkards. A drunken man is bad enough, but when vice riots in a woman's heart, it makes a hell of more intolerable woe. Presently the mother came in as drunk as the father, and even more savage. A moment after she entered, a little girl, their only daughter, came in her way, and she gave her a blow that sent her headlong into the fire. The poor thing was shockingly burned before the miserable parents in their state of intoxication were able to render her any assistance. The next day, when the situation of the child was known, she was taken to the hospital that she might receive suitable attention, though there was very little prospect of saving her life. She lingered along for some time, but the mother never came near her. Some benevolent ladies found the child in the hospital, and learning from her where

she had lived, they went to see the mother with the hope of doing something for her good. They found her under the influence of liquor, and of course insensible to the language of kindness. At another time they called, and spoke to her of her child now dying, and begged her to go and see her. She refused, and said she never wanted to see her again. "Can a mother forget?" Probably the love of strong drink is the only passion that takes such complete possession of the soul as to drown all other love. But even a more cruel illustration of the effect of it was to be seen in the child; *she did not want to see her mother*. Why should she? The child had never known the sweet power of maternal tenderness, winning her heart and binding her to a mother's bosom; and when she came to die in the cheerless ward of a great hospital, with strangers all around her, there was no yearning of the young heart for the home of her childhood. There is a *dreadfulness* about this that is distressing. What a home it must be to which a child does not want to go to die! The case of this little child had attracted much attention, and the ladies to whom I have already referred, endeavored to give her such religious instruction as was suited to her case, but it made little or no impression. Her ignorance of everything but sin was so deep and impenetrable that all attempts to lead her to a sense of her situation were fruitless. She was now apparently near her end: she asked for a drink, and the attendant not bringing it soon enough to please her, the little child broke out *with curses* upon her, to the amazement and horror of those who were gathered around

her. Would it be believed that one so young had reached a depth of depravity so fearful! And so she died. The child of a drunken mother, dying in a hospital with curses on her lips. Here is a whole sermon in this story of a few lines. And it doubtless brings out more of life in the city than many pages of detailed description. Hundreds of families dwell in the midst of us, in whose dwellings a beam of comfort, a ray of happiness never shines. It is misery in the morning, worse at noon, wretchedness at night. The use of strong drink is the beginning, the parent of this misery. Strange, is it not, that men, with reason, to say nothing of conscience, will *buy or sell* such misery?

Now I know very well that the readers of a magazine for the parlor, do not look into its pages for essays on intemperance, and they will not find one if they do. But if any one goes into the poverty, and crime, and wretchedness of New York, and does not discover that in the use of strong drink lies the root of nearly all the wo, he will make but a partial examination of the subject. And what then shall be done? I know not. The evil is as well-nigh beyond remedy, as poverty or the consumption.

You see I have made but small progress in the object for which this sketch was commenced, but there are other fields which we may yet explore. It is well to know how others live. It helps to cheer our own homes; and while we are glad that it is not with us as with others, we should be grateful to Him who makes us to differ.

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

I LOVE thee not, thou wild and restless ocean!
 Though sometimes, when thy waves are sparkling bright,
 And our proud bark glides with a swan-like motion,
 Cleaving the yielding waters swift and light:

I watch the foaming spray around her dashing,
 The white-capped billows far as eye can see,
 Beneath the sun-like diamonds brightly flashing—
 And think there are some pleasant things in thee.

And when thy treacherous bosom calm is lying,
 As if no storm could e'er disturb it more,

I sit thy crystal face intently eyeing,
Thy hidden treasures longing to explore;

Well pleased if chance, with colors brightly gleaming,
Some finny tenant 'neath thy waters glides,
Or nautilus, with white sail lightly skimming,
Gaily upon the waveless surface rides.

Yet, with all this, I love thee not, old Ocean!
Ofttimes I shudder e'en thy smiles to see,
And oft my bosom heaves with wild emotion,
To think what dead are garnered up in thee.

But when upon my midnight pillow tossing,
Thine angry surges' deafening roar I hear,
Then thousand spectre-wrecks my vision crossing,
Wake in my trembling heart a nameless fear.

I see thy mountain billows fiercely swelling,
The strong ship helpless by their fury tossed;
I hear the thrilling shrieks, the anguish telling
Of hapless victims in thy bosom lost.

Rejoice, dread monarch, in thy hoarded treasures!
But He who guides thy waters at His will;
Who in His hand thy farthest limits measures,
And to thy raging voice says—"Peace! be still!"

Will one day cause thy lowest depths to tremble,
When loud His trump shall thunder from on high,
And call thee from thy caverns to assemble
The myriad dead that in their darkness lie.

Up from their watery tomb with glad emotion,
Shall many a ransomed one that day arise,
To find a home where sea nor stormy ocean
Shall mar their bliss—a dwelling in the skies.

At Sea, Bark Stamboul, July.

M. G. B.

A CHAPTER ABOUT THE TONGUE.

"SACRED Interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue."

COWPER.

ONE of the distinguishing endowments of man is the gift of speech, and of course one of his most important duties is its regulation. The rest of this lower creation are mutes, or at least are incapable of articulate utterance. To man alone is given the wonderful faculty of com-

municating by means of language the various operations of the mind, and its manifold shades of thought. The Psalmist calls his tongue his glory on this account. But like every other gift it is capable of being misused, and when abused it is characterized in Scripture as itself a world of iniquity. That is a remarkable saying of our Saviour, "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." Words, says an excellent writer, are the only human things that never perish. Ancient Jerusalem has for cen-

turies been level with the dust, but the words of her rulers and her people are fresh as if spoken yesterday; we can almost hear their cavils, their railing accusations, their cry of "Crucify him," uttered against the Saviour; but where are they? There are Pilate's words, but where is Pilate and his judgment hall? Words live when the men who uttered them are dead—they endure while kingdoms vanish and generations waste away. It is not strange, then, that the Bible strongly insists upon the duty and importance of regulating our speech, and hesitates not to say that an ungoverned tongue is decisive evidence that a man's religion is vain; and on the other hand declares that if a man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

Let us think a little of some of the common modes in which the gift is abused.

Idle conversation is specified by our Saviour as one of these forms. "For every idle word that men shall speak, they must give account thereof in the day of judgment." We are not advocates of an interpretation of this passage, which would exclude all cheerfulness and pleasantry from common conversation. The Saviour meant vain, thoughtless, useless conversation, that yields no possible good to the speaker or hearer. With no worse quality than is indicated by the word frivolity, conversation may be eminently evil in its tendencies. It is dangerous to accustom ourselves to speak without seriousness and without any view to the profit of others or ourselves. Even if it be not positively vicious, and only characterized by the *absence* of all seriousness and religion; if it be such habitually as might be supposed to take place if the Bible were untrue and religion a fable, it is not too much to say that it will exert a very pernicious influence on any mind. It is dangerous to be accustomed to the absence of religious and serious thoughts. Suppose all the frivolous talk of a neighborhood were printed accurately and at full length, how would it appear? What sort of reading would it make? What would be the tendency of such a publication, supposing it to be circulated and read like a newspaper? Now the mode of the thing is of no account. The publication of nonsense and frivolity is as effectual by means of a hundred tongues as by the press, and as much more so as the living speaker is more impressive than the silent print. I know our familiarity with this kind of conversation diminishes its apparent evil. But only let the

same remarks and trains of thought that are every day suggested in conversation meet our eye in print, and we should all see that it is far worse than a mere waste of time to utter or hear them.

Censorious talking is another and still worse example of the abuse of speech. The hasty utterance of unfavorable impressions touching the character and conduct of others is, I suppose, principally intended by the Apostle where he speaks of the unbridled tongue. It is well understood by reflecting people, that to form a just estimate of the character, mental and moral, even of those with whom we are most intimately connected, is not without its difficulties. In many instances we are obliged greatly to modify, and in many others utterly to change our estimate of those we have best known. This fact should suggest the fitness of a modest hesitancy in uttering our views and opinions touching the characters of others. And yet nothing is more common than the reverse of this. It is perfectly amazing to see the dexterity and unembarrassed speed with which some persons can dispose of the most difficult and perplexed cases of character. They can decide and do decide in a moment, whether a report is true or false, whether an accused person is innocent or guilty. It is not at all necessary for them to hear both sides, to weigh evidence, and consider all the circumstances of the case. What would require all the most diligent investigation of a judge and jury for days, is settled by them in a minute or two, and they feel so clear and certain about it, that nothing can shake their convictions or silence their tongues. How common this sin is, every reader can judge for himself. How odious it is, most persons are apt to feel, when their turn comes to be rashly and unjustly censured. Consider, too, the amount of mischief and of suffering inflicted by censorious judging and speaking. What numberless alienations of friends, what suspicions, doubts, fears, are engendered! Think how many excellent characters, built up through long years of virtuous living, are destroyed for ever by undeserved censure; in an hour, with a single breath of the censorious slanderer, the best name may be tarnished or made infamous. And then this evil is always at work. "Every moment some reputation dies." Everywhere, in church and state, in city, village, and hamlet, the biting, venomous tongue of slander wags, and new anxiety, distress, and often killing anguish,

multiply their victims, and the character and destiny of many an individual are changed for ever. An evil speech uttered against a young man, may affect all his relations in life, alienate from him the confidence of his employer, abate friendships in which his affections and his hopes were centred, and cool the love even of his chosen and betrothed, and he may thenceforth be a blighted man, seeking relief in the bowl, or sinking into sour misanthropy. The ruin of character, of peace, of confidence; the inflictions of positive misery and anguish of soul with which evil speaking is chargeable, are incalculable and dreadful. It is a vice which includes in itself the essence of the highest crimes; it is robbery of that which is its victim's chief property, his good name; it is assassination, murder, and the venom of the weapon enters the soul. And yet this crime, which is every hour in relentless pursuit of new victims, and every moment racks some bosom with fresh pangs, escapes unwhipt of justice, and is looked upon as a venial fault, if not an innocent infirmity. Even the church tolerates a host of evil speakers in her bosom. If one of her members is guilty of a single profane speech, or of a single instance of intoxication, he is dealt with, perhaps cast out. But the censorious, bitter, slanderous-tongued brother or sister is never or rarely called to account. They live on, festering in their malignity, and die when their time comes, in good and regular standing. Verily, our scale of morality is a strange one!

The countenance given to this vice in social intercourse increases its frequency and its impudence. The morning call, the social party, the friendly interview on the promenade or the shopping excursion, are occasions not often neglected by those having the gift of tongues. A little of the salt of scandal seasons a nice

little dish of talk exquisitely, and there are few who do not smack their lips at the repast, at any rate there are not many who by a face-full of unequivocal disgust forbid the mixture. Hence evil-tongued people are encouraged in their nasty vocation. There are slanderous ears, as well as slanderous tongues, be it remembered, and the difference in their guiltiness is hardly worth reckoning. Whoever encourages evil speaking by enduring it even, becomes a sharer in the offence. If censoriousness and all sorts of evil speaking were treated with the contempt and disapprobation they merit, we might soon congratulate ourselves upon the abatement of this leprous nuisance.

There is a good deal of talking which may be designated as inquisitive, meddling, curious in reference to other people's affairs. This class of talkers boast a venerable antiquity. Paul, the apostle, knew something about them. Withal, says he, they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not. Another apostle, Peter, had an opinion that they were an odious and mischievous set, and puts them in the same catalogue with the worst of characters. He says, "let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil-doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters." There was an ancient allegory which taught that Envy and Idleness, once upon a time, got married. They had one child, and its name was Curiosity. So much for ancient testimony respecting inquisitive, meddling talkers; and as evil things only change from bad to worse, a faithful modern portrait of this vice would exhibit no redeeming feature, but rather a grosser deformity and an uglier visage.

THOUGHTFUL.

THE DUCHY OF NASSAU.

A TRACT of country extending in from the Rhine near Mentz, and equal to twenty miles square, is under the dominion of the Duke of Nassau. The largest town in the duchy is Frankfort-on-the-Maine, containing 48,000 inhabitants. There are many things of interest in this free town, but I design to mention only those things which would strike one in a stroll through it. This free town is the seat of the German Diet, and is governed by a senate of its own, though the *senate* itself is very much governed by Austria and Prussia. It is completely encircled by a belt of gardens and pleasure-grounds, forming a most beautiful promenade, and wreathing the whole city with wreaths and flowers. To enter and leave a city through shaded walks and hedges of roses seems strange to one who has been accustomed to the walled towns of Europe, or the rough suburbs of American cities. The chief objects that interest one are the house in which Goethe was born—the cathedral, dating back to the thirteenth century, being the coronation place of the emperors of Germany, and where St. Bernard preached the Crusade to the excited people—and the Jews' street. Like Chatham street with us, old clothes darken the entire lower story of the buildings of the Jews' street, while the palace of the Rothschilds stands at one end, *fronting* the main street of the city. I was struck with one fact here, illustrating that peculiar feature in the Jewish character which keeps them bound together even in their disgrace, as with cords of iron. The mother of the Rothschilds refuses to live with her sons in their costly palace, choosing to take lot with her people amid their old clothes in her old mansion. One cannot but admire this spirit, saying as it does to the despised Jews, "thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Wiesbaden, which is within a short ride of Frankfort, by rail-road, is the capital of the duchy, although it contains only 9,000 inhabitants. Its celebrity is owing to its mineral waters, and it is in this respect the Saratoga of Germany. Twelve or fifteen thousand people visit it annually. It is a charming place in summer; and from the heights around the Rhine is seen winding along by the vine-clad hills, sprinkled with villages, and embraced

by a most enchanting landscape. Let us walk out of the street of hotels into the Kur Saal, as it is called. This is owned by the Duke, and is used for a banqueting hall, ball-room, and gaming-room. Every *Sunday* a public ball is given in it. The garden behind it, in which the company sit after dinner and sip ice-creams, is pleasant, as well as the strolls around a large pond in the centre. Winding paths that seem to lead everywhere, go from this to the ruined castle of Sonnenberg, two miles distant, under the crumbling walls and shady trees of which we were wont to lounge the hot July days. In the garden behind the Kur Saal, high and low meet together promiscuously, while the ladies are usually occupied with knitting. A broad promenade of acacia trees leads from the town up to the principal spring called the *Kochbrunnen* (boiling spring). The temperature of the water is 150° Fahrenheit, and yet it is used for drinking as well as bathing. About four or five o'clock in the morning, the patients repair to *Kochbrunnen*, which informs you of its locality long before you reach it, by the clouds of vapor that ascend from it like the steam from a boat that is just firing up. The scene is most comic among the water-drinkers around this boiling spring. Each one receives his portion in a glass with a handle—the glass itself is too hot to be clasped—and then begins to walk backwards and forwards, blowing the scalding-hot fluid, and waving it to and fro in the air to cool it off, so that it can be drank in safety. The imperturbable German gravity with which all this is gone through—the ludicrous figure an old, fat, gouty man will cut, waddling along, and blowing, and wheezing, and muttering about the hot fluid that threatens to tire him out before he can drink it; the repeated efforts to swallow it from those who are in a hurry for their breakfast, and the desperate effort many make to keep it from spilling over, watching it as they walk, combine to render it an amusing scene to a foreigner. After the drinking comes the bath, and after the bath, the breakfast. The water tastes very much like chicken broth, and the bath, if it is *fresh*, is covered with a thick scum which collects as the water cools. Having a curiosity myself to see how it would feel to "bathe in broth," I strolled

into the bath-house and swam around in "beverage" for an hour.

One of the pleasantest excursions from the town, is to the Duke's hunting chateau, situated about four miles distant, on the edge of the Taunus hills, twelve hundred feet above the plain. After the sun had sunk so far to the west as to lose some of its fire, I mounted a donkey, and with a chubby little German beside me to beat him on, began the ascent. It was strictly uphill work, and I became weary at length, with urging on my little donkey, which he seemed to reciprocate, as he gave me most distinctly to understand, by throwing his hinder legs into the air every time a good smart blow fell on his tough ribs. So lapsing into a walk, I began to talk with my German guide.

"What nation would you take me to be?" said I.

"English," he replied.

"But," I continued, "you have not heard me speak English, how then should you guess I was an Englishman?"

"By the way you accent the German," was his answer.

"Well, I am not an Englishman, so guess again."

"French?"

"No!"

"Italian?"

"No!"

"Spaniard?"

"No!"

Here he stopped and looked at me a moment, and then very deliberately replied, "American."

I told him he had hit right at last; when he remarked, "That's a long way off, but I have a brother there."

Just then a couple of deer entered the road, and lifting their heads, gazed on us a moment with their great wild eyes, and then bounded into the forest. We were passing through the large forest in which the game of the Duke roams at large.

"What would the Duke do with you," I inquired, "if you should kill one of those deer?"

"I should be put in prison three years," he replied.

"In my country," said I, "there are plenty of deer, and any man may kill them that likes, and have them too after they are killed."

He opened his eyes on me in astonish-

ment, and replied with the utmost solemnity, "that must be a singular country of yours."

At length we reached "Die Platte," or hunting-house of the Duke. Two bronze stags guard the entrance, while the antlers of bucks the Duke has killed, line the stairway and walls of the building, each bearing an inscription, telling the time when it was shot. The main room is circular, with a row of antlers going clear around it, half-way up, while every article of furniture in it is made of deer's horns in their *natural state*. Chairs, sofas, etc., are all made of the same materials, while the seats are composed of tanned deer-skins, painted to represent various hunting scenes. From the top of the building I had a fine view. The whole forest of the Duke sloped away towards the Rhine, while the Rhine itself, as far as the eye can reach, went sweeping on through the immense plain, lined with towns and villages, and glittering in the light of the setting sun. Between me and the river slept Wiesbaden, while beyond it arose the towers and steeples of Mentz. Far away to the left was Frankfort, while the distant horizon seemed to blend in with the sky. It reminded me of nothing I had ever seen, so much, as of the view from the top of the Catskill Mountains. Call the Hudson the Rhine (I beg pardon of our noble river for the liberty I take), and call Catskill Wiesbaden, and the mountain-house the Duke's hunting chateau, and the views are not utterly unlike.

Remounting my donkey just as the sun was dipping his fiery outline against the hills beyond the Rhine, I plunged again into the forest and hastened down. Suddenly a group of deer crossed the path before me. I gave my donkey the whip, and when I came to the spot where they had entered the wood, I saw them quietly standing together not thirty rods off. I rode into the wood after them, hallooing and shouting, but they minded it no more than so many sheep. I no longer wondered that the Duke had so many trophies of his hunting skill nailed up around his house, but I *did* wonder he should make so much account of shooting a deer as to put up an inscription commemorating the deed. I could have killed those I saw with a pistol. I wonder what the Duke would say if compelled to bring one down on the full run, thirty rods distant. Our western hunters would be ashamed to take a deer at such a disadvantage. Twilight had deepened over Wiesbaden as I again entered

its streets, and a warm bath in its chicken broth was really refreshing.

The place of general resort in the evening is the Kur Saal. Its main saloon or ball-room, is 130 feet long, 60 broad, and 50 feet high, with a gallery supported by thirty-two marble columns of the Corinthian order, while in the niches in the walls are twelve marble statues. Branching off from this great assembly-room are smaller apartments, used for gambling-rooms. When I first entered Wiesbaden, I thought I had never seen a more lovely spot. Its shaded walks, beautiful scenery, and clear atmosphere, made me fall in love with it, and I immediately resolved to spend a month there. But the first night's stroll through the Kur Saal completely cured me of my design. At dinner I had noticed a gentleman sitting opposite me conversing alternately in French and German, whose pale and haggard features attracted my attention. There was a cold, forbidding aspect to them, which repelled one like the presence of an evil spirit. After dinner, strolling through the great saloon, I saw him standing at the roulette table with rolls of money before him. In each roll were twenty Napoleons, or about eighty dollars. Putting these down one after another, they disappeared in regular succession till ten rolls, or about eight hundred dollars, had vanished. With the most perfect *sang froid* he turned away and left the room. In the evening I saw him advance to the gaming-table again, and win back as rapidly as he could place them down, the whole ten rolls he had lost in the afternoon, and several others, when he again turned away without saying a word, and with the same marble features. As emotionless as he seemed to be, the fire that is never quenched was slowly consuming him. Poor man! he loved an excitement that was destroying his life, and hugged to his heart the worst foe of his happiness. But the most disgusting sight of all was the presence of *ladies* (?) at this table, and among them several Englishwomen. Among the many forms of wickedness I have seen, I do not know that I have ever been more shocked than thus to see fair and delicate women sitting before their piles of money eagerly watching the progress of the game, and shoving off or drawing to them the losses or winnings. Beside me stood two English girls, beseeching their "papa" to give them a few florins, that they also might mingle in the game. The affectionate father granted their request—got excited himself—

risked largely, and like a fool, plunged deeper and deeper, and the next morning left suddenly for London. I turned away from the unnatural scene, sick at heart, and sick of Wiesbaden, lovely as it was in the scenery that embraced it. I strayed away through the embowered walks of the grounds behind the Kur Saal, watching the same stars that were shining down on my own beloved land, and prayed that her "puritanic notions" might never weaken. The gambling "hells" one expects to find at all watering-places, but with us they are aside, and frequented only by the reckless and profligate. But here it was as if a roulette table were placed at one end of the great saloon of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, and a card-table at the other, and the élite of the land—men and women were clustered around them as gamblers. The land of Luther and Melancthon needs another reformer, and *must* have it, or it will soon be without a semblance of religion. It must be remembered that these same sickening scenes are enacted on Sunday with the addition of a public ball. There is also this difference in favor of Sunday, the theatre is open in the early part of the evening and closes only to disgorge itself into the Kur Saal. Thus much for the respect the fashionable world of Germany have for the command, "REMEMBER THAT THOU KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH DAY."

There are fourteen other springs at Wiesbaden besides the Kochbrunnen, but they doubtless all have one common source. Where the water enters the Rhine, ice seldom collects, and carp grow in abundance and very fat.

The *Nieder Selters*, the spring which produces the famed "Seltzer water," is farther inland and more difficult of access. From this spring alone the Duke of Nassau receives an income of nearly \$20,000 per annum, and yet it was sold to the ancestor for a *butt* of wine.

The *Schwalbach* (swallow's brook) is another watering-place in the duchy, containing several springs, one of them named *Wienbrunnen*, from its fancied resemblance to wine in its taste, but they are all alike, except that the iron and carbonic acid gas are mixed in little different proportions. The taste is similar to the Saratoga water. About five miles from this is the *Schlungenbad* (Serpents' bath), perfectly retired from the great world, and surrounded with attractive scenery. It derives its

name from the number of serpents around it. The ignorant imagine that these reptiles (they are harmless) give the water its peculiar quality. The waters of this spring are said to cure inflammations, consumptions, etc., both in man and beast. They certainly are a powerful cosmetic, removing tan, pimples, etc., better than all the inventions of modern quacks. The limbs even of the old assume a marble whiteness while immersed in them, and become soft and delicate.

Ems is another celebrated watering-place in the Duke's dominions. The Rhine was formerly lined with independent chiefs, who took toll of all passers by. Fortified in their strong castles, they bid defiance to law and justice. These have gradually disappeared, and the Duke of Nassau is the only person who now exercises this feudal right. He controls also the education of all the children in his territory, and compels them to be educated, under the penalty of a fine, which fine is to be paid in hard labor, if the parents are too poor to pay money.

The Duke has also a long list of forest penalties, which are rigidly enforced. Besides the punishment inflicted for deer-killing, there is a fine of about eighteen pence for every back-load of dry wood a child may pick up, and about three shillings for that of a man. For a similar load of dead leaves, a child is

fined a little over a shilling, our money, and a grown-up person, two shillings. There is a similar fine for pulling up grass, and one of over two dollars for taking a bird's nest from the forest, and four dollars if taken from the pleasure-grounds. If the bird is a nightingale, the fine is twelve dollars. The poor peasantry scattered through the forest are often tempted to gather a few dried limbs or dead leaves when the winds of autumn begin to blow through their hovels, and hence are fined, and in default of payment thrust into prison. This is tyrannical and cruel, and we venture to say that the forests of the Duke would stand just as long, and look just as green, and his coffers be just as well filled, and his government vastly more respected, if he would abrogate some of these silly laws, and let the poor gather that which relieves their sufferings without impoverishing him. Tyranny is everywhere, and no more in the autocrat of all the Russias than in the petty despot of a German duchy or of an Italian province. If a man was generous and kind before, give him irresponsible power, and he becomes suddenly changed in all his sympathies—nay, even in his sense of justice. Clothe him with *much* or "a little brief authority," and he

"—plays such fantastic tricks
Before high heaven, as makes the angels weep."

WINTER.

"See, winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my
theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing,"

—
So sang Thompson; and many have revelled in those joys of intellectual luxury, which a perusal of "The Seasons" has afforded. If the freshness of spring, the beauty of summer, and the luxuriance of autumn, have their peculiar charms, so also has winter. And it is this which we now behold around us. The earth, which a short time since was covered with a verdant carpet, variegated with flowers, is now sealed up with frost. The trees, stripped of foliage, spread their bared arms to the

heavens. The feathered choir which once perched upon them and warbled their songs, have migrated to a more genial clime; and their music is exchanged for the doleful accents of the wind, howling through the naked branches. The streams which ran sweetly murmuring and sparkling, are fast bound in chains of ice. The same sun, indeed, which looked upon us before, looks upon us now, but he casts only an oblique glance, and is gone much sooner than formerly. Yes, it is winter. And who made it? Not nature—for nature has no energy aside from Him who made nature. God made it. "Thou," says the Psalmist, addressing Jehovah, "*Thou* hast made winter." And what did he ever make in vain? What did he ever make, from which his creatures might not derive instruction and improvement?

I behold in winter his faithfulness. More than four thousand years since, went the Divine declaration forth, that, "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and *winter*, and day and night, shall not cease." And have they ceased? Have they not in beautiful order and succession revolved in their respective circuits! Do we not see in this promise and its fulfilment, the same unchanging fidelity which brought the threatened flood on the Antediluvians, and a vast posterity to Abraham; which brought Israel out from the Egyptian yoke, and the Shiloh in his time, who was to "bruise the serpent's head," and destroy the works of the devil? The very same. He cannot lie. Truth is essential to his very existence: and "the cold now coming out of the north," assailing our doors, windows, and bodies, and "humbling nature," should teach us that "He is faithful who hath promised," and increase our faith in His unalterable veracity.

I behold in winter His power. He who created our world out of nothing—spoke it into existence at a breath—launched it upon its orbit, and wheels it around its axis of motion, and around the sun—alone could make winter. It is He who lays up the hail in store-houses—charges the air with fleecy vapor, "maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind." "*He* giveth snow like wool, he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes, he casteth forth his ice like morsels, and who can stand before his cold?" Here is an exhibition of power. And why this exhibition? Job says, "Even that all men may know his work;" may see these manifestations of Divine energy, and admire the source from whence they emanate—the Almighty arm which achieves such results.

I behold in winter His wisdom and goodness. Very cunning is his workmanship in "hiding the flowing waters as with a stone"—making a crystal pavement of what before was soft and yielding, pencilling nature in frost-work fair, and attaching thereto the pendent, transparent icicle: and when field, forest, and stream, so adorned by the fingers of Deity, are struck by the rays of his own bright luminary—not Sinbad, in the fabled valley of diamonds, saw a scene so charming. Nor is wisdom only here; there is benevolence too. See it in the purity given to our blood—the animation imparted to our spirits, the vigor given to our bodies:

"The new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen."

The ethereal nitre also has disinfecting properties, destroys that effluvia which breeds disease and death; and the earth, wrapped in her white mantle of snow, is kept warm, and the grain tenderly springing from her bosom, kindly cherished.

I find in winter endearing delights both to the intellect and heart. The rigor abroad invites to reading and meditation at home. As we cannot go and feed our eyes upon the landscape, or cultivate our gardens, or wander in the fields, or be regaled with the music of the birds; we can retire, look within ourselves, and hold converse with the departed great, through the medium of the printed page. And this we *should* do. These long evenings should be carefully improved for this purpose. Many valuable volumes may be read, and many ideas gathered, which will increase our comfort and our usefulness. The *Bible*, especially, should be studied—not simply read, but *studied*. It will feed the best exercises of the understanding, and the best emotions of the heart. It is the most glorious object of contemplation in the universe.

At this season, also, the sweets of domestic life are in their perfection. The storm raging out of doors makes more cheerful the blazing fire within doors. Around that fire is your family. This, then, is the time to profit *them*. See that your children have books, and choice books. Inculcate yourselves correct principles, eradicate what is wrong, nurture what is right, infuse a relish for whatever is "lovely and of good report;" make them love home more, and virtue more, and you more, and mankind more, and God more.

Winter should make us grateful for our many blessings. Our winters are comparatively short and mild. The intolerable severity of polar regions we know only by report. And even that degree of severity to which we are exposed, is abated in force by our commodious dwellings. We have snug houses to shelter us, thick clothing to cover us, good fuel to warm us, and the best of food and even luxuries, to sustain and refresh us. Thus mindful is He, who makes winter, of our wants. Shall we render Him no expressions of thankfulness? Shall we not rather say—"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Winter should prompt us to bestow liberally on the poor. There are poor, for "the poor shall never cease out of the land," and we should remember them in their poverty. Now, if ever, do they need supplies, and such supplies should not be withheld. Know the rare pleasure of doing good—of visiting the sick, of comforting the sorrowful, of ministering to the destitute. Act the good Samaritan, and let the loins of the wretched bless you. We should think of the many on the water and on the land, who are beyond the reach of our aid.

We hardly know what suffering is, the lines have fallen to us in such pleasant places. The low estate of that populace which Europe disgorges upon our shores, who come here professedly to better their condition, and who, in the midst of want and filth, say their condition is improved, much improved—reveals to us the misery of those afar off. The carriages of travellers in Ireland are beset with importunate beggars, for miles. And though there may be some in our neighborhood, and more a short remove from us, in needy circumstances—the burden of suffering in our world is concealed from us; it is at a distance. We should think of these many sufferers on the land and on the sea, as we sit within our commodious apartments, and within the genial warmth of our fires. As the fierce blast roars around our comfortable dwellings, where smiling plenty crowns the board, and the "ingle blinks bonnilie," we should think of the Norwegian scaling his mountains of ice, the Greenlander, half-starved and half-stuffed in his smoky hut, and the tempest-tossed sailor on our coast, handling the frozen rigging of his tumbling bark.

Winter should remind us of our own spiritual coldness and stupidity. I know not who my gentle reader is, but I venture to ask him, if the barrenness and desolation of nature is not a fit emblem of his state? As that is nearly destitute of vegetable life, are not you almost destitute of spiritual life? As the earth has not that warmth which was once diffused through it, by reason of the partial withdrawal of the sun's rays; are you not bereft of that ethereal warmth which the Sun of Righteousness alone can give? As the ground is bound up with frost, is not your heart hard, very hard? Would that you could say, no! Would that we could both enter the plea, not guilty, to this charge! But we live, alas! in a day of declension. Our churches, as a body,

are away from God. In the chase of vanities have we not passed the tropics of Christianity—passed the temperate zone, and are we not now in the polar circles—regions of darkness, and dearth, and death! It is even so. Instead of the towering fir-tree comes up the thorn, and instead of the verdant myrtle-tree, comes up the briar. The sad truth should deeply affect us.

"Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-refreshing ray,
Then, mental winter shall be spring,
Then, darkness, cheerful day."

The wintry scenes around, are calculated to remind us too, of the heathen world. Nature having the solar rays but *indirectly*, is what it is. Now we have only to conceive what would be its state if the sun was actually *blotted out* from the heavens; and such, spiritually considered, is their state. They have no sun. "The day-spring from on high" has never visited them. The glorious luminary hung forth as "a light to lighten the Gentiles," they have never seen. Hence, as without the sun, all would be a dreary waste, an undistinguished chaos, so they abound with idle dreams and childish conjectures. As without it we should wander, "seeking some to lead us by the hand," so they grope in the mazes of uncertainty, and stumble upon the mountains of error. As without it, "the labor of the olive would fail, the vine yield no fruit, and the fields no meat;" so among them are no heavenly graces, no spiritualized affections. The condition of these unfortunate ones should touch our hearts, and we should bestow upon them our prayers, our efforts, and our munificence. "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself."

"The Bible! he alone who hath
The Bible, need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give,
That lamp of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way."

Winter, we may add, admonishes us of the flight of time.

As a matter of convenience, we properly number four seasons. These constitute the entire year, and winter revolved upon us again, tells us that another year has nearly fled. What account has it borne to God? "He requireth that which is past." Proper inquiry to put, as we stand upon the end of the re-

treating year, "What report hath it borne to Heaven, and how it could have borne much better news?" The coming spring we may never see. He who "made winter" will make that also: but the grass may spring up, and the birds carol their notes over our graves!

Such are some of the lessons winter teaches—truths which, in the words of the gifted poet,

"— Exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing."

W. B.

SMYRNA.

(SEE PLATE.)

THIS is another of those cities in which was gathered one of the seven churches of Asia. The church in Smyrna appears to have been noted for its deep tribulation, and poverty, and its Christian fidelity. The message of the angel was therefore mingled with encouragement. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This is one of the most precious promises to the afflicted and struggling Christian contained in the Bible. At the time this epistle was addressed to the church, Polycarp is supposed to have been its pastor.

Smyrna is a city of Ionia, in Asia Minor, and is regarded the first in the Levant. It is about four miles in circumference, and contains about one hundred and twenty thousand souls. It has a beautiful situation, but like most of the eastern cities is not remarkable for the

elegance of its buildings. It is noted for its extent of commerce, and the riches of its inhabitants.

Smyrna has been several times destroyed by earthquakes, and repeatedly ravaged by the plague. In 1814, from fifty to sixty thousand persons are said to have been swept away by this scourge; and in the year 1831 it suffered very severely by the cholera.

Smyrna is one of the places which laid claim to the honor of having given birth to Homer. On the banks of the Meles was shown the spot of his birth; and in a cavern by its source, the place is pointed out where he was said to have written his poems: the coins of Smyrna bore his image, and the citizens held their assemblies under the columns of his tomb.

RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.—No. III.

MARSHAL SOULT.—GUIZOT.—THE CATACOMBS.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

THE Chamber of Deputies had just closed its session as I arrived in Paris, and hence I was denied the pleasure of seeing the Commons of France in session, and comparing them with the Lower Houses of other constitutional governments. The Chamber of Peers, however, was in session, and I frequently passed an hour or two in witnessing its deliberations. Through

the politeness of our minister, I was furnished with his own card of *entrée* while in the city, and hence obtained a seat in the apartment devoted to foreign ambassadors, which gave me an excellent point of observation.

At my first visit to the Chamber of Peers, I was amused with a *rencontre* I had with an Englishman and his wife. They were

of the lower orders and evidently perfectly bewildered in the mazes of the Palace of Luxembourg. I was ascending the stairs to the Chamber, when I met them coming down. The woman had learned a few French phrases, and was therefore spokesman for her husband. "Parlez vous—Francaise," said she, in a broad accent, and with a prolongation of the last syllable, which was not necessary to tell me she was an Englishwoman, for she bore evidences of that on every feature and movement.

"I speak *English* tolerably well," I replied.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "do you speak English?"

"Yes."

"Well," said she in a most dolorous tone, "we came here to see the paintings in the palace, and a man below took away my parasol and gave me this little piece of wood, and told me to go up stairs, and they wont let me in."

It is customary all over Europe to take from a person his cane, umbrella or whatever he may have in the shape of a stick, when he enters a gallery of paintings or any public chamber, so that he may not deface the walls or pictures; and give him a ticket, so that he can reclaim it when he returns. The man guarding the entrance to the Chamber of Peers had thus taken from the good Englishwoman her parasol, and she being repulsed by the janitor of the gallery, and unable to speak French, was in a perfect puzzle. I told her she had been endeavoring to gain an entrance to the Chamber of Peers, which she could not do without a permit from the ambassador of England. She seemed quite shocked at her audacity, and asked what she should do. I pointed out to her the direction to the gallery of paintings, and left her thanking me in good broad English.

The Chamber of Peers is arranged like our two houses of Congress. The seats are semicircular, bending around a common centre, where the president sits. The members are all dressed in diplomatic coats, and present to an American the appearance of an assembly of military officers. The *Séance* had not commenced as I took my place, and the Peers were slowly dropping in one after another, and taking their respective seats. There was the Duke de Broglie, Guizot, and others, and last of all, in came limping old Marshal Soult. He looks like an old warrior, with his dark features, clear eye, and stern expression. He is about the middle size, though stout, with a

bald spot on the top of his head. His pantaloons were very full, made so evidently to conceal his bow legs. It was a useless expedient, however, for the Marshal's lower extremities form a perfect parenthesis which nothing but petticoats can ever conceal. As he stood a moment, and cast his eye over the Chamber, I thought I could detect in his cool, quiet glance, and self-possessed bearing, the stern old warrior, that had stood the rock of so many battle-fields. As he limped along to his seat my mind involuntarily ran over some of the most important events of his history. Born of humble parents, entering the army as a private soldier, with musket in hand, he rose to be Marshal of the Empire, Duke of Dalmatia, and Peer of France. He early exhibited his wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. At the battle of Fleurus, General Marceau commanding the right wing of the army under Lefebvre, was routed and forced to fall back. In his agony, he sent to Soult for four battalions that he might renew his lost position. Soult refused. "Give them to me!" exclaimed the indignant and mortified Marceau, "or I will blow my brains out." Soult coolly replied, that to do it would endanger the entire division. Being then a mere aide-de-camp, and unknown, his refusal astonished Marceau, and he asked in a rage, "Who are you?" "Whoever I am," replied the imperturbable young soldier, "I am calm, which you are not; do not kill yourself, but lead on your men to the charge, and you shall have the four battalions as soon as we can spare them." His advice had scarcely been given before the enemy was upon them, and side by side these two men raged through the battle like lions. After it was over, Marceau held out his hand to Soult, saying, "Colonel, forgive the past; you have this day given me a lesson which I shall never forget. You have in fact gained the battle."

This is a fair illustration of Soult's character. Cool, collected, and self-reliant, the tumult of battle and the chaos of defeat never disturbed his perceptions or confused his judgment. At Austerlitz he did the same thing to Napoleon. As Bonaparte gave him the command of the centre that day he simply said, "As for you, Soult, I have only to say, act as you always do." In the heat and terror of battle, an aide-de-camp burst in a headlong gallop into the presence of Soult, bearing orders from the Emperor that he should immediately carry the height of Pratzen. "I will obey the

Emperor's commands as soon as I can," replied the chieftain, "but this is not the proper time." Bonaparte was in a perfect fury at his answer, and sent another aide-de-camp with a peremptory order, but before he could deliver it "the proper time had arrived," and the awful column of Soult was in motion, and in the next moment its head was enveloped in the smoke of cannon, and in a few minutes after, torn and mangled, appeared on the crest of the hill, where it struggled two hours for victory, and won it. Soult had delayed his charge because the enemy were extending their lines and thus weakening the centre. Bonaparte saw at once the reason of his delay, and struck with admiration at his behavior, soon after rode up to him, and in the presence of his whole staff, exclaimed, "Marshal, I account you the ablest tactician in my empire." It was Soult's cannon that thundered over the grave of Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, and the noble-hearted Marshal inscribed a memorial to his brave opponent on the spot. He was in the carnage at Waterloo, and there, on that wild field, saw the star of Bonaparte set for ever.

As he slowly limped to his seat, I could not but gaze on him with feelings of the deepest interest. On what wild scenes that dark eye had looked, and in what fierce fights that now aged form had moved. The memories of such a man must be terrible; and what fearful scenes lie between him and his youth! A word, an allusion to the victories of Bonaparte—the standards taken from the enemy, and now drooping over the president's head—the pictures on the walls—must frequently recall to him the fierce-fought fields; and, forgetful of the business that is passing and the beings around him,—on his aged ear will come the roar of battle, and on his flashing eye the shock of armies—the fierce onset—the wild retreat—the route and the victory. Among the last remaining props of Napoleon's empire, he too is fast crumbling away. He has escaped the sword of battle, but he cannot escape the hand of Time.

I might have thus mused for an hour over Soult and his wonderful career, had not my attention been aroused by the call of the Chamber to order. There was no business of importance to be transacted, and I amused myself in studying the faces of the Peers below me. Marquis de Boissy has put himself at the head of the opposition, and seems intent on making a fool of himself. An able man in

his position could accomplish much good, but he, by his foolish objection to *everything*, and ridiculous, nonsensical remarks, awakens only derision. On his feet at every opportunity, he seems to think that the sure road to fame is to *talk*. He is a conceited, vain man, carrying in his very physiognomy his weak character. Sometimes he would run ashore in his speech, and utterly at loss what next to say, would hesitate, and draw out "*maintenant*," which would frequently draw a titter from the house. These exhibitions of contempt did not affect him at all, and he would flounder on to another "*maintenant*." At length he became abusive, and uttered sentiments that brought down murmurs of scorn and the rebuke of the president. Making some disgraceful charge against the Peers, I forget now what, I heard the heavy voice of Soult, muttering in scornful tones, "*Comme un pair de France*." At length the foreign affairs came on the *tapis*, and in the course of discussion, Guizot, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was severely assailed for some measures he had adopted. The remarks were of a nature calculated to arouse the Minister, and I saw, notwithstanding his apparent nonchalance, that he sat uneasy in his place. The member was not yet in his seat, when Guizot arose, and in a few sentences said, he would reply to these charges on the morrow. I need not say I was at the opening of the session the next day. The Paris papers had announced that Guizot was to speak, and the chamber was crowded with spectators. He ascended the tribune or desk in front of the president's chair, and launched at once into the very heart of his subject. Guizot is about the middle size, partially bald, and of pale complexion. His eye, which is piercing, indicates either an unamiable disposition, or a temper soured by the difficulties and opposition he has been compelled to encounter in his progress. He must be of a very nervous temperament, for all his movements are rapid and his speech vehement. As he stood in front of the audience and commenced his speech, he held a white pocket-handkerchief in his right hand, and began to gesture with his left. As he proceeded, he snatched his handkerchief out of his right hand with his left, and gestured with the former. He kept up this process of snatching his handkerchief, first from one hand and then the other, and gesturing with the vacant one till he finished his speech. He appeared wholly unconscious that he was doing it, and it seem-

ed the result of mere nervous excitement. There was not a particle of grace in one single gesture he made, and I do not remember that he once raised his arm to a right angle with his body. His whole body worked, and all his gestures seemed mere muscular twitches. He does not talk like a Frenchman. There is no circumlocution, no rhetorical flourishes in his sentences, no effort at mere effect, but he goes straight to his object. He uses different French, also, from the other speakers. He has none of a Frenchman's volubility. His sentences are all compact, and his words sound more like Saxon words. Indeed, I think there is more of the Englishman than Frenchman in his composition. There is an apparent contradiction between the man and the language he uses. With a Saxon soul, he is forced to bend it to the wordy language of his native country. I have always thought it would appear strange to hear such men as Ney, Soult, Macdonald, and Bonaparte, talk French.

Guizot has risen from obscurity to his present proud eminence by the force of his talents alone. With rank and power to combat, he has steadily won his way through all opposition, and is, beyond doubt, the ablest minister of the Court of Louis Philippe.

The garden of the Luxembourg, with its terraces, orange-trees, magnificent avenues, almost endless walks, statuary, and lofty trees, is a beautiful spot. Marks of revolutionary fury are everywhere visible in it, but that which interested me most was a vacant spot just outside the garden railing, where Marshal Ney was shot after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims, and the intrepid Ney, who had well-nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to this spot on the morning of the 7th December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said, "I declare, before God and man, that I never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. Vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers! fire!" A simulta-

neous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. "He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor!" As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance—so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still, he was no traitor.

Near this spot stands the Observatory, and a few steps from it, the "*Hospice des Enfants trouvés et des Orphelins*," or foundling and orphan hospital. This was founded more than two hundred years ago, and at the present time is under admirable arrangement. Formerly there was a box called "*tour*" fixed in the wall, and turning on a pivot, into which an infant was dropped by any one that wished,—no questions being asked, and the face of the person bringing the child not seen. This was found to work badly, for it increased the number of illegitimate children, and also brought in from the country many infants whom their parents did not wish to support. There was another evil connected with this arrangement. A poor parent would bring her infant and deposit it in this clandestine manner, and then, after a few days, return and introduce herself as a nurse from the country; and by a little connivance could get her child back again, and receive pay also as a nurse. Restrictions are now in force checking this imposition. There is one evil attending this new arrangement, however—infanticide is more common, indeed the crime has increased almost two-fold. There are yearly received into this hospital nearly five thousand children, of which over four thousand are illegitimate: a sad comment on the morals of the French capital. These are immediately put out to nurse in various parts of the country, so that there are generally less than two hundred in the hospital at any one time. Early in the morning, this multitude of infants is placed in one grand reception-room, called *La Crèche*, where the different physicians visit them, and assign them to the different infirmaries, according as their case demands. The medical department is divided into four separate branches—one for cases of ordinary sickness; one for surgical cases; one for measles, and one for ophthalmic cases. Cradles are arranged in rows around the outer edge of the room, against the walls, in which the little creatures are placed, while nurses are bending

over them in every direction. In front of the fire a bed is placed, at an inclined plane, where the more sickly are laid; while little chairs are arranged in a snug, warm corner for those which are strong enough to sit up a portion of the time. Cleanliness and order prevail everywhere, and no child is allowed to suffer from neglect. Nothing can be more sad yet more interesting than the spectacle presented by this large number of infants. Bereft of parental care—cast off from their mothers' bosoms before they are old enough to know them, and left to the tender mercies of strangers, they are still unconscious of their condition, and ignorant of the evil world that awaits their entrance into it. Neither their smiles nor their tears have anything to do with their position in life. Abandoned, deserted, forlorn, they claim two-fold sympathy—from their innocence and their unconsciousness of evil.

There are several hospitals and infirmaries in this neighborhood, and near by also are the famous Catacombs of Paris. The catacombs were ancient quarries from which stone was taken for building, and chalk, and clay, and sand, and limestone. In 1784 the Council of State, wishing to clear several cemeteries of their dead, ordered the bones to be tumbled into these old quarries. At first they were thrown in pell-mell, like unloading a cart of stone, but those having the management of the business found they would gain space by *packing* them in layers. Shafts were sunk from the upper surface to the quarries, and props and pillars placed under the churches and edifices that stood over this subterranean world. These quarries were consecrated into catacombs with great solemnity, and then on the 17th of April, 1786, the work of clearing the cemeteries began. It was all done in the night-time; and as soon as darkness drew its curtains over the city, might be seen a constant procession of black cars, covered with palls, going from the cemeteries to the quarries. Priests followed from behind chanting the service of the dead. As they approached these shafts or openings, the cars emptied their contents into the cavity and wheeled back. Bones of priests, robbers, the gay and the wretched, men, women, and children, were piled in inextricable confusion together, to await the summons of the last trumpet, and the collecting

power of the breath of God. What a startling truth is that of the resurrection of the dead, and what faith it requires to believe it, as one stands over such heaps of commingled and decaying bones! Among the monuments of the dead carted here, was the leaden coffin of the famous or infamous Madame Pompadour. Since they began to pile up the bones, the workmen engaged in it have made some curious arrangements. Some of the apartments are built around with bones so as to form chapels, with altars, and vases, made of bones also, and stuck over with skulls of different sizes as ornaments. In the main gallery the bones are piled up like a wall, with the arm, leg, and thigh bones in front, to give it the appearance of uniformity and consistency, while at regular intervals three rows of skulls are inserted, stretching along the face of the ghostly structure, to give greater beauty and variety to the appearance. Behind this wall the smaller bones are pitched, pell-mell, like so much rubbish. Not only the ancient cemeteries have been emptied here, but the massacres of the Revolution hurried their slain into this great receptacle of the dead. It is computed that the bones of at least *three millions* of people repose in these ancient quarries. They are situated in the southern part of the city, and do not approach the *gay* Paris of the present day. The palace of the Tuileries and Louvre, the Champs Elysées, and the garden of the Tuileries, the Boulevard, &c., are all on one side of the Seine. Luxembourg is on the other side of the river, and is almost as much by itself as Brooklyn. These great excavations are under this part of the city, running under the Pantheon, the Luxembourg palace and garden, the Odeon, the Val de Grace, and several streets. *Two hundred acres* or more are supposed to be thus undermined. *One sixth* of the whole surface of Paris is hollow beneath, and may yet answer all the purposes of an earthquake to engulf the dissolute city.

This Paris is a strange city. What with its mementos of popular fury, its temples of fame, and arches of victory, and catacombs, and gardens, and gaiety, and wickedness, it furnishes more objects of interest, and more phases of life than any city I ever visited.

FOUR DAYS IN LYONS.

EARLY one Saturday afternoon, in the autumn of 1842, a small iron steamer called "Le Cygne," arrived at the city of Lyons. She had come down the Saône very rapidly, having a strong current in her favor, and was unusually full of passengers. The French and Swiss were in a decided majority, though here and there might be seen the round-faced, portly, and, in general, surly John Bull, fuming, and fretting, and grumbling, and anathematizing everything French, especially in the way of cooking and eating. Two or three Americans, with their restless activity and *onwardness* (if I may coin a new word), completed the quota which stepped ashore from the dirty deck of "Le Cygne," and found themselves, all at once, in the midst of officious custom-house police, runners from hotels, porters, errand-boys, stragglers, pickpockets, &c., their ears almost stunned with the Babel-like confusion, their patience sorely tried in efforts to get out of the *mélée*, and their tempers not a little exacerbated by being obliged to thrust one and another away in order to keep possession of their luggage. There was little novelty in the scene to me, though scarcely less vexatious on that account. A rascally porter seized my valise, and had well-nigh carried it off in spite of me; foiled in this, he turned upon me such a battery of abuse, and uttered such a mass of hyperbolic expletives and nonsense, that I hardly knew whether to scold or laugh—at last, however, I made my escape along with the rest, and followed my luggage, mounted on the back of a raw-boned Lyon-nais, to the Douane or Custom-house. Passports were examined, trunks and valises were opened and searched, and after a while we were suffered to go on our way rejoicing in the freedom of the good city of Lyons. I remember well that they gave me very little trouble: the first and principal question was, "*Monsieur, avez-vous de tabac?*" Now, as I have a peculiar aversion and abhorrence toward this vile weed, in all its shapes and uses, my answer was conveyed in such tones and terms of disgust, as seemed at once to satisfy the officer that the revenue of the city was in no danger from me on this score at least.

The major part of our ill-assorted company

went to the Hotel du Nord, a large, dark, and gloomy stone building in a narrow street, in the heart of the city; it was quite full, yet room was found for all the new-comers. I was domiciled in the fifth story, the ascent to which, over a cold, dimly-lighted stone staircase, was chilling and disheartening. There was no help for it, however, so up I mounted to room number *soixante et dix*, a wretched-looking chamber, with a bed in one corner, a wash-stand in another, and a sort of *beaufet* opposite the fire-place: the floor was brick, well rubbed or polished with what the French call *cirage*, and exceedingly slippery—indeed, it requires great care for some time, on the part of strangers, in order to avoid a tumble. I went to the window, which looked down into the court below, and saw nothing but black-looking buildings in close proximity, and not a solitary green thing, or stray flower, or object of interest on which the eye could rest for a moment with pleasure. It made me feel gloomy and miserable to be amid so much cold, and dirt, and discomfort, and I sat down with a most longing desire creeping over me for the light, neatness, and solid comforts and enjoyments of home; they who know what home-sickness is will not envy me my feelings on that occasion. By-and-by matters and things began to appear better, and after a while I was quite reconciled to what could not be helped,—a piece of philosophy which it may be worth while to remember and practise occasionally—though I made a resolution which was most religiously kept, that I would not go up and down that interminable staircase but once a day.

At five o'clock, a tremendous ringing of a deep-sounding bell announced that the *table d'hôte* was ready. On several accounts I preferred dining at the public table; one sees so much more of life; there is more freedom and ease; conversation is more general and lively, and the French character displays itself more fully, both in its attractive features and its radical defects—hence I joined the throng which entered the *salon à manger*, and took a seat at a long table with some hundred or hundred and fifty others. The dinner was good; soup, bouilli, fish, joints of meat, poultry, &c., with a dessert of apples, nuts, pies and what not,

formed the fare, on which a vigorous attack was made. It was curious to note the difference of national customs—the English eat in silence, unless intimately acquainted; they are too shy of strangers, too stiff and haughty, too greatly afraid of lowering their fancied dignity, to be easy and comfortable in a promiscuous assemblage at a public table. The Americans have something of the same shyness toward strangers, and are generally taciturn to an extreme, though from an entirely different cause. The English eat very slow, distressingly slow; the Americans, I am sorry to say, eat very fast, shockingly fast: they are too busy to talk, time is too precious to waste in words when a dinner is to be eaten, and it might well be imagined that life depended upon the rapidity with which food can be swallowed. The French, on the contrary, take these matters quite differently—they do not bolt their food, nor shut their mouths in dignified silence; far from it; they eat and talk, and talk and eat again. I was surprised to see the ease, nay, almost familiarity, with which entire strangers conversed on a great variety of topics—it seemed like a collection of friends, and old acquaintances, rather than a mere aggregation of persons thrown together for an hour or two, to part and go their several ways, never perhaps to meet again. We might, I conceive, derive some useful hints from the affability of Frenchmen, and in some few things might copy them to advantage. Our countrymen are not wanting in politeness, there is no lack of good sense among them, but, as a general thing, they constitute a rather dull and heavy company at a public dinner-table. The pernicious practice of eating as if for a wager, and hurrying with lightning speed to get through with the task set before them, necessarily unfits them for conversation—added to this the natural reserve, and the habits of caution in having anything to do with strangers, which are characteristics of Americans, hinder anything like general and unrestrained intercourse at the table d'hôte. I could wish it were otherwise, for we should all be gainers by it; at least, such was my conviction as I sat at table and listened to the lively discourse and interesting converse of the assembled guests. There was a charm about their frankness and openness toward strangers which made its way at once to the heart, and put every one at his ease. Had we a little less reserve, and a little more good sense on the subject of eating our dinners, we

should improve in health, and vigor of mind and body.

But I am not going to lecture on dietetics, nor force my readers to swallow a dish of common-places on French manners and habits—so far from this, I shall eschew all remark on these points hereafter, and leave my countrymen in the undisturbed enjoyment of the pretty general sentiment, that they are in all respects the greatest, best, happiest, and most sensible people on the face of the earth! If, while in France, I was led to feel the possibility of a doubt as to the immense superiority of the sovereign people of these United States over all other denizens of this sublunary sphere, I beg that I may not be counted recreant to the national faith, or thought to have a hankering after aristocracy, foreign customs, French cooks, table-d'hôtes, and so on. No, indeed, I am a perfectly orthodox American, and believe the whole creed, from beginning to end, as I hope my readers will acknowledge, ere we part—*America, esto perpetua.*

Sunday morning was lowering, raw, and uncomfortable; dark and heavy clouds hung over the hills, on and about which Lyons is built, ready at a moment's warning to pour out their contents upon the busy city. After breakfast, I went out for a walk, though fearful that it might prove a rainy one. The streets were full of people, vehicles were driving to and fro in every direction, laborers and artisans were busy as usual, shops of all kinds were open, business of all kinds was transacted. In the neighboring street to the hotel, I came upon the theatre, an edifice of some architectural beauty and importance. I stopped a moment to look at the bill—it was more than ordinarily attractive, and seemed particularly to please those who glanced over its enticing promises, so largely, so eloquently, nay, so grandiloquently set forth by the aid of capital letters, colored paper, etc. The ticket-office was thronged, in anticipation of a crowded house. Musing on this strange scene, I passed on; still, everywhere there was the same bustle and activity—in the market, in the shop, in the counting-house, in the public offices, everybody seemed to be at work; at the Diligence Bureau, they were loading and unloading, harnessing horses, filling the diligences with passengers for every quarter, starting in fine style for Paris, Marseilles, Chalons, Geneva, and twenty other places, or entering the yard with their loads of passengers and luggage. There was no rest there. The

quais presented the accustomed appearance—steamers were arriving and departing, travelers were hurrying to and from the boats, the smoke rose in volumes, the officers and men fretted and worried around, and cursed themselves and others in a manner shocking to hear; and the shrill whistling of the escaping steam, announced the impatience of that terrible servant for departure, or its fierce exultation over the ended voyage. Here and there were craft of another description, some idle and lying by, most of them busily engaged. I had not rambled far along the banks of the Saône, when it began to sprinkle, and very soon to rain hard. I was glad to light upon a *fiacre* which soon deposited me at the hotel, somewhat wiser, but none the better humored for having got wet.

While sitting in the public room, not knowing exactly what to do with myself, a young Frenchman, whom I had met at the table d'hôte, addressed me very politely and we entered into conversation. After some general remarks, he alluded to the theatrical exhibitions in prospect, and asked me to accompany him to witness them. I declined at once, and with some severity of manner; he begged to know the reason—"It is the Lord's Day, sir."

"Ah, oui, certainement; je le bien sais," he replied, with an air of great surprise; "I have been to mass this morning," he added, in a way and tone which said very plainly, I am no heathen, I am a Christian, and do all my duties faithfully. His curiosity was evidently aroused, a new idea seemed to dawn upon his mind, and he pressed me to speak on a subject regarded in so different lights by Americans and Frenchmen. I did so. I told him of the observance of the Lord's Day in our country, of the quiet streets, the closed shops, the empty counting-houses, of the suspension of business and labor of all kinds, of the sweet and pleasant sounds of the "church-going bell," of the vast numbers going to worship God in his holy temples, of the rest which man and beast enjoy on that sacred day, and many such like things. It was marvellous to him; it seemed like a traveller's tale, too wonderful to be true, yet I could see that it made some impression, how lasting or deep I know not, since I never after met him.

Now, it may well seem strange, passing strange, that there should be so great violations of God's holy commandment. In Paris

I had often witnessed the same, only on a larger scale; and throughout France, so far as I know, the sentiment and practice of the people agree on this point. The Romish priesthood appear to make little or no remonstrance, men grow up in a regular habit of working or amusing themselves on Sunday, and in their ignorance, the thought never enters their heads that this course is sinful and wrong. The Protestant clergy, it is true, do all they can to bring about a better state of things, but they are too few in number to make much impression on the mass. I say, it may well seem strange and marvellous to see such things—it is more than this; it is painful and distressing to one bred up in the views and habits of the majority of our countrymen, to spend a Sunday amid noise, and bustle, and business, and increased amusement on all hands. In "la belle France," it is difficult to realize that Sunday is the day on which we are commanded to rest from our worldly avocations, and to assemble ourselves together in the house of God; for, go where you will, you can scarce find any difference between the labors and pursuits of Sunday and any other day; if you express surprise, you are met with far greater astonishment on the part of those who listen to you; if you utter any censure or disapprobation of the common practice and sentiment, a significant shrug of the shoulder (the national gesture), and ill-concealed pity or contempt for such nonsensical strictness and antiquated notions, will generally be your answer. The true Frenchman, volatile, impetuous, fond of gaiety, yet withal acute and energetic, is passionately fond of the opera, the dance, the theatre, and such matters; he lives in an atmosphere of excitement of some kind or other—now he mounts the war-horse, ready to plunge into Siberian snows, or scour the arid plains of Africa in pursuit of the ever-eluding phantom, glory: now the maddening cry of liberty! liberty! death to tyrants! rouses him to frenzy, and thrones totter and fall, royalty and nobility are swept away like chaff before the wind, massacres ensue, and his blood-stained hands dabble in human gore: now, pleasure is the goddess of his idolatry, and he strives in a thousand ways, and plays ten thousand "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to delight the eye, the ear, the palate, and to take his fill of that cup of sweets which, ever quaffed, never satisfies, never allays the burning thirst within. There is, in truth, no moderation in the

genuine French character, there is nothing half-way or common-place about the modern Athenians—they talk, and act, and think, and seek pleasure or amusement, and strive after renown in science, literature, religion, and morals, in a state of almost enthusiastic excitement; they are rarely ever content with the beaten track, with the common, every-day life of other people—like their delicious champagne, everything with which they have to do, must possess the sparkling vivacity, or else it is to them “flat, stale, and unprofitable.” Hence it happens that they often make themselves merry with the sobriety and solemn stillness, which Americans regard as so appropriate accompaniments of the Lord’s Day, and they cannot seem to understand how it is that a people who in many respects are very much like themselves, should be willing to forego business, pleasure, and amusement of every kind, one whole day out of seven, and be so serious and so devoted that they will go to church or meeting, always twice, and frequently three or four times, to say nothing of additional exercises in the way of Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, prayer-meetings, &c. It might be worth our while to investigate this matter more thoroughly, it would throw light upon national characteristics on both sides of the Atlantic, and would, I think, tend to make us feel how great advantages result from the habitual observance of the Lord’s Day, and how great evils are connected with its habitual desecration; but that would open too wide a field for discussion at the present time: the fact, however, of the universal, or rather very general disregard of the fourth commandment in France, is not, and cannot be denied—would that it could! I should have been happier on many a Sunday, and France, that great nation would be wiser and greater far, than she has ever yet been.

Having a letter of introduction from kind friends in London, to Monsieur Cordes, the French Protestant minister in Lyons, I determined to find him out if possible, and endeavor in some sort to realize that this was not an ordinary week day. So out I sallied, despite the rain and wind, to hunt up Rue Puget, if I remember correctly the name of the street. Crossing the Saône on a very airy and beautiful wire bridge, for which I was charged the fraction of a sou, I made my way through streets narrow and crooked, and with a plentiful lack of side walk, till I came to the desired Rue Puget. It was evident, however, at

a glance, that it was anything but desirable, for, on my word, the elevation looked to be fully forty-five degrees, and the mud and rain came rushing down in a mingled torrent, violent enough to take the unwary passenger completely off his feet! But I was not to be daunted by even such an ascent as this, so, after a while, I reached number *trente deux* the residence of Mr. Cordes. The entrance, as in most houses in France and Italy, was through a dirty, dark passage-way, with manifold turnings and uncomfortable gropings—if I anathematized such abominable notions and practices in the way and means of getting into a house, it was only while in this sort of purgatory of darkness and filth. The habitable part of the edifice, which was on the second story, seemed a perfect paradise when I got to it without damage to my limbs. Monsieur Cordes was absent, preaching in a neighboring village. Madame C., however, made me very welcome, and, out of compliment, I suppose, began to speak English—candor obliges me to say that though I understood it, I doubt if all my readers could have made it out. I have heard it better spoken; yet I dare say the lady said the same of my French, and so we are quits. Mrs. C. among other things spoke very encouragingly of the results and prospects of her husband’s labors among the poor Roman Catholics in Lyons; through his means nearly a hundred had become Protestants within a year past, and he had now a flourishing and quite large congregation. She also told me that there was an English missionary, who officiated according to the rites of the Church of England once a day, in the afternoon, in the chapel occupied for French Protestant service in the morning, and German in the evening. Of course, I determined to go at the appointed hour, for, independently of other considerations, the sound of one’s native tongue is sweet and pleasant when in a foreign land. My amiable hostess, as the time was approaching for afternoon church, and she had offered to be my guide through the labyrinthine ways of this ancient city, to the chapel, very politely invited me to dinner, but where, do you think? Why, in a dear friend’s house, who, she remarked, with admirable naïveté, spoke English much better than she did. I had some apprehension as to how the freedom might be liked. I knew it would not answer in America as a general thing, but I must say that I was most hospitably received, and entertained with the utmost cordiality—

long standing friendship could have demanded no more than what I, a perfect stranger, had so freely accorded me.

At three o'clock, under the guidance of Madame Cordes, I took a seat in the chapel. There was a mere handful present, several being, like myself, only sojourners in Lyons, because conscience would not let us travel on this sacred day. Some of my countrymen are not so scrupulous, being willing to "do at Rome as the Romans do." Too often, when abroad, Americans and Englishmen take the custom of the country and the people as *their* standard of right and wrong. The clergyman was an unmistakable John Bull, full of piety and zeal, and abundant in labors for the good of such stray countrymen as had become engaged in various avocations in this mart of commerce. The service having been performed, as directed in the English Prayer-Book, Mr. Collins ascended the pulpit and gave out his text, which, from its singularity, I could not help remembering—it was from Gen. xlii. 9,—"Joseph said unto them, ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." Now as the number present happened to be exactly equal to that of the ten brothers of Joseph, whom they had so deeply injured, it did not certainly require much stretch of the imagination to figure to ourselves that we were veritable spies, and that the prime minister of Egypt was about to consign us to durance vile in punishment of our audacity. It would be no want of charity to say that "the wickedness of the land" was but too evident at a glance, and that the attendance on Mr. C.'s ministrations was extremely limited. I should, however, do injustice to a very worthy man, were I not cheerfully to state, that he preached a straightforward, sound, practical discourse, which would suit many a congregation in New York and elsewhere, who, I am persuaded, have many among them who go to church to spy out and amuse themselves with the deficiencies of preacher or people.

After church, Mr. Collins and myself had a long and interesting conversation; he stated that he had not been long in Lyons, and gave a very discouraging account of his success thus far. By diligent search he could discover

only about a hundred Englishmen in and about the city, most of them being engaged in the steamers and other vessels on the Rhone and Saône. From being long neglected, they had become indifferent and careless, or else had turned Roman Catholics; they seemed to care very little for his self-denying labors, and his efforts appeared to be in great measure thrown away. I was very much surprised to hear him say that he did not understand French; and almost immediately came into my mind the predicament of the good Vicar of Wakefield's eldest son, who went to Holland, full of zeal, to teach the Dutchmen Greek, quite forgetting that it was absolutely necessary to have some medium of communication which they both understood, before he could teach or they learn that beautiful language. I mean no disrespect, but I could not help thinking that Mr. C.'s position was not *very* unlike that of George Primrose. How he or the London society could suppose that he would be really useful in France, without knowing the language of France, passes my poor comprehension. I was grieved to see a man who in his own country was calculated to exert a powerful influence, so completely out of his element, and laboring to so little purpose in propagating the truths, which Protestants deem of vital importance. Ere this, doubtless, he has become wiser, and either returned to England, or acquired a competent knowledge of the French tongue. But enough; I would not say anything unkind of one whom I esteem for his honest sincerity and zeal, and I would not have the reader think the less of him, because in this one instance he seemed to me to have made a capital mistake—*speramus meliora*, is our motto.

How I am running on! A friend at my side, overlooking me, says I have already exceeded the space which the inexorable editor has allotted me, and also insinuates that your patience, dear reader, is well-nigh exhausted. Is it really so? Why, I have not got half through my story yet; there are a good many interesting things yet to be told, and they *shall* be told, God willing, on a future occasion. For the present, even though the reluctance be all on my side, I must say, adieu!

THE NEW YEAR.

THE present season is dedicated to joyful thoughts and greetings. From time immemorial, the New Year has come in with welcomings, and whatever may have been the disappointments and sorrows of the years that are gone, the new one is looked to for brighter things: hope revives and smiles again, the pulse of life beats stronger and quicker, and the race of life is renewed with animated expectation of realizing our several aims.

We would not disturb any rational enjoyment in which any of our readers may be engaged. On the contrary, we would gladly contribute, as we might be able, to increase their happiness and fill the cup of their joy even to overflowing, and this, we humbly believe, is the tendency, as it is certainly the design, of the thoughts to which we now ask attention.

Most heartily, then, in the outset, dear reader, do we salute you in the language of the season, and to each of you wish "a happy New Year." We have considered what the common and much abused word "happiness," means, how it includes the welfare of the body and the blessedness of the immortal soul, for time and eternity, and nothing less than all this do we desire and pray for in your behalf, in our present greeting. Receive from us a few suggestions, the aim of which is to make this New Year, in its opening and its progress, a happy one to each of us.

And first, let us review and endeavor to profit by the experience of the year that is just closed. It would be strange, indeed, if it had yielded no lesson of wisdom, for God's providences are always teaching, and if we would but recollect ourselves, and remember, as Israel was required to do, the way which the Lord our God has led us, we would be able to recal many an impressive admonition, many an appeal to our gratitude, many a circumstance calling for reflection and prayer. In the common course of Providence, unnumbered mercies daily visit us, frequent checks and restraints thrown before and around us, hedge off destruction when we would court it, and in a thousand ways unheeded by us, alas! lessons full of wisdom, love, and wholesome warning, mingle themselves in with the hours and moments of our fleeting existence. And,

besides these every-day teachings, special and louder calls are of frequent occurrence. The year just closed has probably included in the history of each one of us, events which, if properly regarded and improved, would make us better and wiser. Why, beloved reader, were you called away from your business and your pleasures, and laid upon a bed of sickness and suffering? Why, weeping mother, has that fondly-loved one been torn from your warm embrace, and given to the remorseless grave? Why is the man of business and of industrious care, bereft of his hard-earned property, as it were in a moment, by fire, by the dishonesty of others, or by unforeseen vicissitude in trade. These, and similar misfortunes, are not affairs of chance. The only intelligible account of them is that they are special calls of Providence. As such they are to be recognized and improved. Especially when we have just closed one year and are commencing another, should we feel the importance of this review and this improvement of the past. It is a fitting time for it. We need all the advantages of past teaching and past experience. Without them, we are no better off than babes. Let this, then, be our care as we commence a New Year, to look back, survey the past, recal its lessons, remember our ways, our follies, our mercies, our trials, wherein we have been led astray, wherein our own hearts have deceived us, and the world has played us false. Let us honestly confess and truly forsake our sins. Let us renounce all dependence upon self, and cast ourselves upon the Saviour of sinners as our strength and righteousness. Let us inquire into our failure in relative duties; how, if children, we have conducted towards our parents, or, if parents, how we have acted towards our children. Let us really try to find out our defects, and endeavor to do better in future. Heads of families, to some of you the past year has been one of affliction. Your dear home circle has been broken. The idolized one of your little flock has been taken away. But then, perhaps you have children yet spared to you, and if so, how earnestly should you direct your care to their eternal welfare! The departed one you cannot recal, but through grace assisting, you may prepare yourself and your remaining

children to go to it, in a world where families are no more scattered by death. The thought that one of our beloved ones has safely entered Heaven, and there awaits our arrival, is certainly adapted to impress very seriously any heart not entirely callous. Reader, is thine own child that lately sat on thy knee, and threw his little arms around thy neck, is he standing on yonder heavenly hill, waiting, looking for thee, holding out a light to guide thee, and a sweet saintly smile to win thee to come up, and is it possible that thou hast returned again to grubbing in this poor world? O be ashamed, if the closing year leaves thee thus entangled in the meshes of sin and Satan, an alien from all bright hopes and holy wrestlings for the crown of life.

In commencing a new year, how reasonable and fitting it is that we should mark out, each one for himself, a distinct course and plan of living, that shall be in accordance with, and furtherance of, life's great end! Of many of us, we fear, it might be said in reference to the year that is past, "while thy servant was busy here and there, behold it was gone." We are all busy with one thing and another, half the time we are in a ferment of care, in a bewildering whirl of conflicting influences; but when we come to measure our progress, if, indeed, we afford time for such an exercise, we find ourselves too often not at all advanced in spiritual attainments. One reason of this is, we live according to no settled plan, so far as our religious growth is concerned. All is at loose ends with us. Our house is turned upside down, instead of being set in order. If we pursued religion with half the system usually adopted in temporal business, we should have far greater success. If we should commence the year on a well-arranged system, and persist in its observance, we should be able at the year's end to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion respecting its results. We could determine with some confidence whether we had gone forward or backward, whether we had gained or lost in the conflict with

our own bad tempers and passions, and with the world's temptations. Now then, let us begin to live by some rule, or some fixed plan. The opening of the year is a good time to begin. Having reviewed the past, and taken an inventory, as it were, of its follies, its blunders, of our weakness, and sins, and dangers, let us settle in our own minds, how we shall live for the future, what means we will use to grow in knowledge and in grace, and what steps we will take to be a blessing to others. If we are heads of families, let us try to obtain a clear and humbling sense of our past deficiencies, and with God's Word to guide us, and the Holy Spirit to help our infirmities, let us try to govern and train our families in the best possible manner. Let it be our study to fulfil all righteousness, to perform every duty, however small, in its proper time and manner; in a word, to choose the best means of attaining personal holiness, and of promoting the spread of religion among all with whom we have to do. Depend upon it, dear reader, a year thus spent cannot but be a happy year. Through all its months, and weeks, and days, through all its changes, come what may, your peace shall flow like a river and your righteousness like the waves of the sea.

Lastly, let us begin the year upon the distinct presumption that it may be our last year on earth. Of the thousands to whom this magazine makes its monthly visit, many, beyond a doubt, are appointed to die before the year closes. Who these persons may be, God only knows. Each of us will do wisely to consider that it may be himself. Each will do well to lay the thought to heart, and to inquire into his preparations for such an event. O, beloved reader, see to it that your foundation is good and strong. See to it that there is oil in your lamps; and that the road you are in leads to Heaven. God forbid that any of us shall remember this year for ever, and even as the year in which we made our bed in hell, and took up the lamentation, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THERE came a voice! Who dare, said I,
Disturb me in the midnight hour?
"Mortal, I'm Time—attend my cry,
And learn how vast, how great my power.
"Dost thou not know 'tis thine to die?
'Tis thine to stand before thy God?
Behold how swift the moments fly,
And mark the winding paths I've trod.
"Awake! and listen; dream no more;
Shake off thy sloth—one year has fled
Since last I entered at thy door,
And stood beside thy curtained bed.
"One warning more I thee would give,
Ere I am onward in my flight:
Forsake the ways of sin and live,
And revel in the Gospel light.
"East, west, and north, and south have seen,
Have felt the impress of my hand;
No spot on earth, but where I've been,
I've drank the sea, and shrunk the land;
"I've seen the loftiest temples fall
That e'er were reared by mortal skill—
All, all, obedient to my call,
Have crumbled, and are crumbling still.
"Mortal, thou too must pass away,
Thy name and place be known no more;
Prepare thy bark without delay,
To bear thee to an unknown shore.
"The clock strikes twelve! another year
Has fled for ever!—learn to die—
Remember Time—each moment's dear,
Short is thy passage to the sky."
Stop, stop, I cried, one moment, Time—
One little instant, stop, I pray;
"I'm done," he cried, in words sublime,
And darted on his noiseless way!
Just then, the fire that lay concealed
Beneath the embers, brightly burned;
The blaze, the Word of God revealed,
And to its sacred page I turned.
Though many years have passed and gone,
That midnight call is fresh to me;
I hear it when I'm all alone,
And shall through all eternity.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

POETRY BY CHARLES SWAIN.

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

Tell me, O ye stars of night— In the a - - ges ye have

The first system of musical notation for 'The First Prayer'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics 'Tell me, O ye stars of night— In the a - - ges ye have' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE CON MOTO'.

seen, Aught more gen - - tle, mild, and bright, Aught more

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'seen, Aught more gen - - tle, mild, and bright, Aught more'. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves.

dear to an - - - gel's sight, Hath there been, Hath there

A piacere.

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'dear to an - - - gel's sight, Hath there been, Hath there'. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves. The system concludes with the instruction 'A piacere.' written above the vocal line.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

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A tempo.

been, Or more in - - nocent and fair, Than an

in - - fant's ear - - liest prayer, Than an in - - fant's ear - - liest

prayer?

2. Tell me, O ye flowers that meet
By the valley or the stream,
Have ye incense half so sweet—
Fragrance in your rich retreat—
That ye deem
Half so dear to Heaven's care,
As an infant's quiet prayer?

3. Speak, and tell me thou, O Time,
From the coming of the Word,
Aught more holy, more sublime,
From the heart of any clime,
Hast thou heard,
Than the voice ascending there,
From that lowly infant's prayer?

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE MISSIONARY MEMORIAL; a Literary and Religious Souvenir. New York: E. Walker, 1845.

The publisher of this elegant volume has sought to combine the useful with the beautiful, and has brought out a volume of the highest finish in typographical execution and literary merits. Its name is a sufficient index to its general character, while the names of its contributors will be the evidence that the best talent has been secured to make the work worthy of the style in which it is brought out, and of the patronage of the religious public. Some of our most popular and able writers are here, and the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, J. R. Lowell, H. T. Tuckerman, not to mention such divines as Dr. J. W. Alexander, Dr. Sprague, Mr. Dowling, and others, are enough to attract attention to any volume whose pages they adorn. We are always glad to see these works of beauty combining solid and permanent excellence with those lighter attractions which catch the eye, but which are as often found concealing vanity and error.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Next to the Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim must be the most popular book in the world. We wish that some bibliomaniac would try to find out how many copies of it have been printed in the English language, and into how many languages it has been translated. We have received it in two volumes, published at the *Sandwich Islands*, in the tongue of that people; and we suppose the art of printing has never been carried where this is not among the first of books that follow the Holy Scriptures. The Harpers have just published a new edition of it, with the life of the Dreamer, by Southey, illustrated with fifty cuts, by Adams. We have no very favorable opinion of the biographer as the man to write the life of John Bunyan, but we have always thought that a biography of the author should go with his work, that the reader may know the times and the influences under which this immortal production was written.

Who can estimate the value of a good book? And what ambition is more praiseworthy than that of being the author of a work that shall live from age to age, passing down through successive generations, like a never-failing stream, that enriches and gladdens the earth through which it flows?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERY.—Walter Cooper Dendy, a London surgeon, is the author of this work, the design of which is to illustrate in a popular way, the secret of the superstitions

and impositions with which the public is so widely and sadly deluded. It is a work of high benevolence to scatter the clouds of prejudice and error, that obscure the intellect of multitudes, and to deliver the soul from the bondage of fear to which these delusions subject it; and the reading of this volume, and others like it, is well calculated to produce on intelligent persons the fullest conviction of the power of truth, and the utter folly of the popular errors which have so often and so long been the distress of some, and a source of anxiety to more. The author goes into the notions of the ancients regarding the nature of ghosts, tells stories in illustration of prophetic spectres, treats of the various causes of cerebral excitement, somnolence, trance, mesmerism, Sybilline influence, &c., making a volume of rare interest to those who are fond of looking into the philosophy of these things, and of entertainment to those who read such works only for the stories.

THE ARTIST, THE MERCHANT, AND THE STATESMAN. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: Paine & Burgess.

This volume is made up chiefly from conversations with the Artist Powers, in his studio at Florence. It gives a most vivid sketch of the Life and History of Powers. We have seldom read a book with more interest, and would recommend it especially to such as feel the necessity of going abroad for their artists.

THE SONGS AND BALLADS OF GEORGE P. MORRIS. (First complete edition.) New York: Paine and Burgess.

This is a very pretty little book, containing a collection of Morris's Melodies. The one entitled "My Mother's Bible," will richly pay for the purchase of the book.

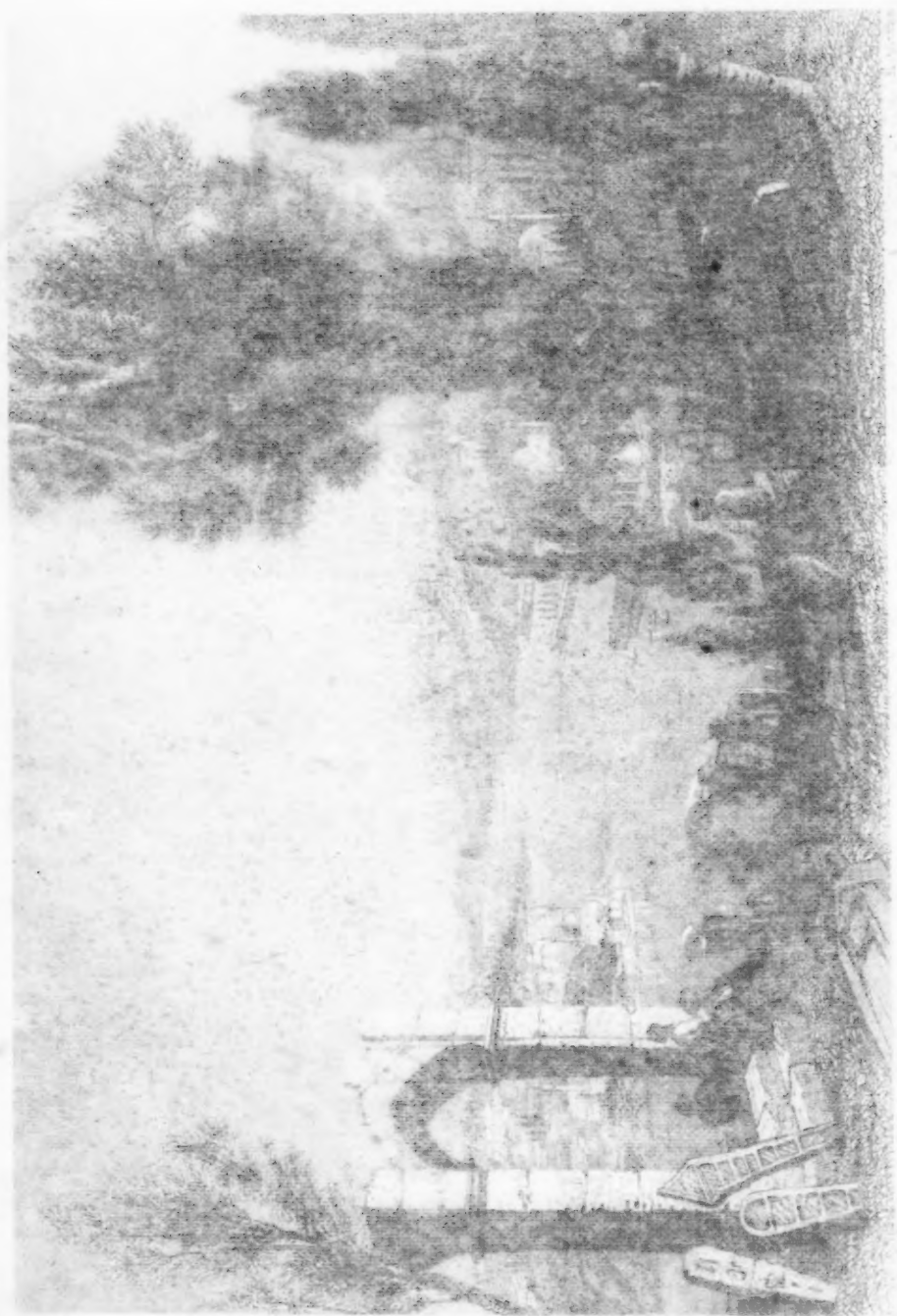
THE GEM OF THE SEASON.—The most splendid volume for the parlor table which has greeted our eyes at this season of presents, is the Gem, edited by Prof. Agnew, of the Eclectic, and published by Leavitt, Trow, & Co. It is embellished with twenty engravings by Sartain, and the very best that he has ever executed, so that the volume, if it had no other attraction, as a collection of beautiful prints, would be of rare value as an ornamental book. But the literary merits of the work are of equal value, the articles being chiefly selected from the writings of the most distinguished scholars of the age, and some of them being gems by the old masters. It would be difficult to find a more attractive volume.



View of the city of Rome, from the Villa Borghese, looking towards the Vatican.



Cactus — Cactus Species





LUSK

Cactus.—Cactus Speciosa